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STANDARD OIL.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.
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Where among the institutions of man is there a more wonderful structure than the house which Rockefeller has built? It is an extraordinary monument to American ability and enterprise. Why has the average citizen so little respect for it? Why does he view it with suspicion and distrust, if not with open hatred?

Standard Oil gives a livelihood to 45,000 American laborers; what are the few hundreds from which it has taken away the means of livelihood, crushing and ruining them, by comparison with this greater good of the greater number?

Standard Oil disburses $30,000,000 a year in wages. It sends a billion gallons of oil abroad annually and imports $60,000,000 in gold to add to the aggregate of national wealth. It fixes the price of oil in Bremen and Odessa no less than in Avenue A. It runs railroads and turns hundreds of thousands of wheels of peaceful industry. Banks and universities are its by-products, and hospitals and Sunday schools. It is a colossal example of multifarious commercial and benevolent activities all converged to the benefit of mankind through the glorification of Rockefeller.

Why should Americans show enmity toward it? Why should they not rather feel proud of this commercial masterwork? Here is the great god Success in its very temple; why throw stones?

Because the public conscience, which puts up with many things, particularly revolts at the attempt to join Mammon with righteousness. Because the contempt for the hypocrisy which sermonizes on morals while countenancing law-breaking as a business policy is hearty and general. It is because, in a word, this is the Pharisee of trusts borrowing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in that public detestation of it is so great and public rejoicing so universal now it has been caught again in one of the many criminal practices which personal respectability is counted on to mask.

MINDING ONE'S BUSINESS.

"If the City Club," says former Comptroller Grout, "would mind the club's business and leave the city to mind the city's business both the club and the city would be better off."

There was a time when Mr. Grout conveyed the impression that he held different views on the question of minding one's business. But what a halcyon state of things there would be if the practice were adhered to!

There would then be no impertinent curiosity about Dr. Woodbury's streets or Mr. Belmont's subway rentals or gas contracts or a thousand other matters with which the public officiously concerns itself. What a boon it would have been to the insurance grafters! Unfortunately for the victims of it this habit of prying inquisitiveness about other people's affairs seems to be getting fixed and confirmed.

Unmasked!

By Maurice Ketten.

Why the United States Is What It Is To-Day

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN A SERIES OF THUMBNAIL SKETCHES

What They Did;
Why They Did It;
What Came Of It.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 21—ISRAEL PUTNAM, Ploughman-General.

A BIG, raw-boned man about forty years old stood tied to a stake in the centre of an Indian village in upper New York State one day in the summer of 1758. About him faggots were piled knee high. A swarm of savages in full war paint danced around the stake and every now and then a squaw would thrust a blazing splinter into the prisoner's flesh. Finding that neither physical pain nor the spectacle of his hideously painted foes could wring a cry from the Yankee major they had captured one of the braves set fire to the faggots.

The flames sprang up, searing and blistering the Yankee's bare flesh. Still no sound nor look of pain. The circle of savages was rudely broken. A French officer, Capt. Molang, rushed to the stake, kicked aside the burning logs and cut the prisoner's bonds.

This soldier of France had unknowingly performed an inestimable service for the future United States, for the prisoner whose life he saved was Israel Putnam, then major in the Connecticut regiment oh service in the French and Indian war, and later Major-General in the Continental army.

From Sword to Plough and Back Again.

Putnam was the tenth of a Massachusetts farmer's eleven children, and was himself the father of ten children. Race suicide was not a live issue in those days. He owned a 514-acre farm in Connecticut and in early youth won a local reputation for courage by entering the cave of a fierce wolf in Windham County and killing the beast single-handed. He had enlisted in the French and Indian war and had there undergone more adventures than a hero of one of Coopor's novels.

At the close of that war he settled down once more to the life of farmer and inn-keeper. One day in April, 1775, as he was ploughing, a messenger arrived with news of the battle of Concord and Lexington. Without returning to the house or even putting on his coat Putnam jumped on the bare back of one of his plough horses and galloped off for Cambridge, where the Continental troops were assembling.

On arriving there he was at once made commander of all the Connecticut forces, with rank of Brigadier-General. Nor did he wait for his colony to raise men before taking an active part in the conflict. At the battle of Bunker Hill he was in command of the little patriot army, and it was under his direction as generalship that they twice repulsed the larger British force. To his coolness was due their safe retreat from the perilous position in which the exhausting of their ammunition placed them.

When Washington, the next month, set about the well-nigh impossible task of organizing the untrained farmers and militiamen into a regular army, Putnam was his foremost help, and was appointed one of the army's four Major-Generals. Early in 1776 Putnam took command of New York City and fortified it at Brooklyn against the British. The latter made New York their objective point, massing their forces and proceeding against the city in overwhelming numbers.

Putnam, with his inferior, ill-equipped troops, contested every step of the advance, fighting the famous battle of Long Island, then falling back on New York City itself and thence defending the heights of Harlem in a desperate last battle against superior numbers.

New York having fallen, Putnam became Governor of Philadelphia and later held Princeton. His coarse, farmerlike manners and rough exterior made him the butt of his British foes. But Gen. Clinton, who especially ridiculed him, was to receive a lesson in "straight-from-the-shoulder" diplomacy that would forever silence his ridicule.

Edmund Palmer, a British officer, was caught spying inside Putnam's lines. While the British hanged all American spies without mercy, they considered the Continentals had no right whatever to retaliate in like fashion. So Clinton sent Putnam an insolent command to give up Palmer, under pain of dire punisament should he refuse. Putnam replied briefly in the following letter:

Latest, Greatest Service for the Cause.

Edmund Palmer, taken as a spy, has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy and shall be executed as a spy.
ISRAEL PUTNAM.

P. S.—He has accordingly been executed.

Now that the first glow of patriotism had worn off, it became hard to enlist men for the patriot army. Putnam returned to Connecticut and in person acted as recruiting officer. The charm of his fame, the power of his personality, succeeded where bribery or force had failed. Thousands flocked to the Continental standard. One day while recruiting near Greenwich, Conn., Putnam was surprised by a company of British cavalrymen. He escaped by riding at full gallop down a flight of steep stone steps, a swarm of bullets whizzing about him.

In 1779, weakened by battle and exposure, at an age when most men are resting in the chimney corner, he was stricken with paralysis and forced to return to his farm, where he died eleven years later at the age of seventy-two, having lived to see the glorious triumph of the Cause to which he had devoted his life.

"Old Put," as the army affectionately nicknamed him, was the most picturesque figure of the whole Revolution, and was a fit representative of the sturdy farmer-type to whom American freedom owes so vast a debt.

The Helmet of Navarre by Bertha Runkle

Author of "THE TRUTH ABOUT TOLNA."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Felix Broux is page to Count Etienne de Mar, estranged son of the Duke of St. Quentin, a powerful French noble. The period is 1593, when Henry of Navarre, claimant of the French throne, is besieging Paris. The city is held by the League, under the Duke of Mayenne. St. Quentin is a follower of Henry, but has boldly come to Paris. Mayenne's nephew, Paul de Lorraine, tries to make Mar assassinate St. Quentin. Mar and Paul both love Lorance de Montluc, Mayenne's ward. Etienne rescues St. Quentin from a gang of Mayenne's men, and father and son are reconciled. Mar disguises himself as an Italian jeweller and dresses Felix as a girl. Together they start for Mayenne's palace, where Mar hopes to get a word in private with Lorance. They are permitted to show their wares to the ladies of Mayenne's household. Lorance is present and recognizes Mar.

CHAPTER XXV.
A Double Masquerade.

(Continued.)

HE threw out his arms to catch her. Instantly she stepped aside and, turning with a little unsteady laugh to the lady at whose elbow she found herself, asked;

"Does it become me, madame?"

The little scene had passed so quickly that it seemed none had marked it. Mademoiselle had stood a little out of the group, monsieur with his back to it, and the ladies were busy over the jewels. She whom mademoiselle had addressed, a big-nosed, loud-voiced lady, older than any of the others, answered her bluntly:

"You look a shade too green-faced to-day, mademoiselle, for anything to become you."

"What can you expect, Mme. de Brie?" Mlle. Blanche promptly demanded. "Mlle. de Montluc is weary and worn from her vigils at your son's bedside."

Mme. de Montpensier had the temerity to laugh; but for the rest, a sort of little groan ran through the company. Mme. de Mayenne bade sharply, "Peace, Blanche!" Mme. de Brie, red with anger, flamed out on her and Mlle. de Montluc equally:

"You impudent minxes! 'Tis enough that one of you should bring my son to his death, without the other making a mock of it."

"He's not dying," began the irrepressible Blanche de Tavanne, her eyes twinkling with mischief; but whatever naughty answer was on her tongue our mademoiselle's deeper voice overbore her.

"I am guiltless of the charge, madame. It was through no wish of mine that your son, with half the guard at his back, set on one wounded man."

"I'll warrant it was not,' muttered Mlle. Blanche.

"Mar has turned traitor and deserves nothing so well as to be spitted in the dark," Mme. de Brie cried out.

Mademoiselle waited an instant, with flashing eyes meeting madame's. She had spoken hotly before, but now, in the face of the other's passion, she held herself steady.

"Your charge is as false, madame, as your wish is cruel. Do you go to vespers and come home to say such things? M. de Mar is no traitor; he was never pledged to us, and may go over to Navarre when he will."

It was quietly spoken, but the blue lightning of her eyes was too much for Mme. de Brie. She opened her mouth to retort, faltered, dropped her eyes and finally turned away, yet seething, to feign interest in the trinkets. It was a rout.

"Then you are the traitor, Lorance," chimed the silvery tones of Mme. de Montpensier. "It is not denied that M. de Mar has gone over to the enemy, therefore are you the traitor to have intercourse with him."

She spoke without heat, without any appearance of ill feeling. Hers was merely the desire, for the fun of it, to keep the flurry going. But mademoiselle answered seriously, with the fleetingest glance at M. le Comte, where he, forgetting he knew no French, feasted his eyes recklessly on her, pitying, applauding, adoring her. I went softly around the group to pull his sleeve; we were lost if any turned to see him.

"Madame," mademoiselle addressed her cousin of Montpensier, speaking particularly clearly and distinctly, "I mean ever to be loyal to my house. I came here a penniless orphan to the care of my kinsman Mayenne, and he has always been to me generous and loving"——

"If not madame," murmured Mlle. Blanche to herself.

"——as I in my turn have been loving and obedient. It was only two nights ago he told me M. de Mar must be as dead to me. Since then I have held no intercourse with him. Last night he came under my window; I was not in my chamber, as you know. I knew naught of the affair till M. de Brie was brought in bleeding. It was not by my will M. de Mar came here—it was a misery to me. I sent him word by his boy that other night to leave Paris; I implored him to leave Paris. If instead he comes here he racks my heart. It is no joy to me, no triumph to me, but a bitter distress, that any honest gentleman should risk his life in a vain and empty quest. M. de Mar must go his ways, as I must go mine. Should he ever make attempt to reach me again and could I speak to him I should tell him just what I have said now to you."

I pressed monsieur's hand in the endeavor to bring him back to sense; he seemed about to cry out on her. But mademoiselle's earnestness had drawn all eyes.

"Pshaw, Lorance! banish these tragedy airs!" Mme. de Montpensier rejoined, her lightness little touched. A wounded bird falls by the rippling water, but the ripples tinkle on. "M. de Mar is not likely ever to venture here again; he had too warm a welcome last night. My faith, he may be dead by this time—dead to all as well as to you. After he vanished into Ferou's house no one seems to know what happened. Has Charles told you, my sister?"

"Ferou gave him up, of course," Mme. de Mayenne answered. "Monsieur has done what seemed to him proper."

"You are darkly mysterious, sister."

Mme. de Mayenne raised her eyebrows and smiled as one solemnly pledged to say no more. She could not indeed say more, knowing nothing whatever about it. Our mademoiselle spoke in a low voice, looking straight before her:

"If heaven willed that he escaped last night I pray he may leave the city. I pray he may never try to see me more. I pray he may depart instantly—at once."

"I pray your prayers may be answered, so be it we hear no more of him," Mme. de Montpensier retorted, tired of the subject she herself had started. "He was never tedious himself, M. de Mar, but all this solemn prating about him is duller than a sermon." She raised a dainty hand behind which to yawn audibly. "Come, mesdames, let us get back to our purchases. Ma foi! it's lucky these jeweller folk know no French."

M. Etienne was himself again, all smiles and quick pleasantries. I slipped off to my post in the background, trying to get out of the eye of Mlle. de Tavanne, who had been staring at me the last five minutes in a way that made my gooseflesh rise, so suspicious, so probing was it. On my retreat she did indeed move her gaze from me, but only to watch M. le Comte as a hound watches a thicket. It was a miracle that none had pounced on him before, so reckless had he been. I perceived with sickening certainty that Mlle. de Tavanne had guessed something amiss. She fairly bristled with suspicion, with knowledge. I waited from breathless moment to moment for announcement. There was nothing to be done; she held us in the hollow of her hand. We could not flee, we could not fight. We could do nothing but wait quietly till she spoke, and then submit quietly to arrest; later, most like, to death.

"Monsieur, go! You must go!"

Minute followed minute, and still she did not speak. Hope flowed back to me again; perhaps, after all, we might escape. I wondered how high were the windows from the ground.

As I stole across the room to see, Mlle. de Tavanne detached herself from the group and glided unnoticed out of the door.

It was thirty feet to the stones below—sure death that way. But she had given us a respite; something might yet be done. I seized M. Etienne's arm in a grip that should tell him how serious was our pass. Remembering, for a marvel, my foreign tongue, I bespoke him:

"Brother, it grows late. We must go. It will soon be dark. We must go now—now!"

He turned on me with an impatient frown, but before he could answer Mme. de Montpensier cried with a laugh:

"And do you fear the dark, wench? Marry, you look as if you could take care of yourself."

"Nay, madame," I protested, "but the box. Come, Giovanni. If we linger we may be robbed in the dark streets."

"Why, my sister, where are your manners?" he retorted, striving to shake me off. "The ladies have not yet dismissed me."

"We shall be robbed of the box," I persisted; "and the night air is bad for your health, my Nino. If you stay longer you will have trouble in the throat."

He looked at me hard. I tried to make my eyes tell him that my fear was no vague one of the streets, that his throat was in peril here and now. He understood; he cried with merry laughter to Mme. de Montpensier:

"Pray excuse her lack of manners, duchessa. I know what moves the maid. I must tell you that in the house where we lodge dwells also a beautiful young captain—beautiful as the day. It's little of his time he spends at home, but we have observed that he comes every evening to array himself grandly for supper at some one's palace. We count our day lost an we cannot meet him by accident on the stairs."

They all laughed. I, with my cheeks burning like any silly maid's, set to work to put up our scattered wares. But despair weighed me down; if we had to remember ceremony we were lost. The ladies were protesting, declaring they had not made their bargains, and monsieur was smirking and bowing as if he had the whole night before him. Our one chance was to bolt; to charge past the sentry and flee as from the devil. I pulled monsieur's arm again and muttered in his ear:

"She knows us; she's gone to tell. We must run for it."

At this moment there arose from down the corridor piercing shriek on shriek, the howls of a young child frantic with rage and terror. At the same time sounded other different cries, wild, outlandish chattering.

"The baby! It's Toto! Oh, ciel!" Mme. de Mayenne gasped. "Help, mesdames!" She rushed from the room, Mme. de Montpensier at her heels, all the rest following after.

All, that is, but one. Mlle. de Montluc started as the rest, but at the threshold paused to let them pass. She flung the door to behind them and ran back to monsieur, her face drawn with terror, her hand outstretched.

"Monsieur, monsieur!" she panted. "Go! you must go!"

He seized her hand in both of his.

"O Lorance! Lorance!"

She laid her left hand on his for emphasis.

"Go! go! An you love me, go!"

For answer he fell on his knees before her, covering those sweet hands with kisses.

The door was flung open; Mlle. de Tavanne stood on the threshold. They started apart, monsieur leaping to his feet, mademoiselle springing back with choking cry. But it was too late; she had seen us.

She was rosy with running, her little face brimming over with mischief. She flitted into the room, crying:

"I knew it! I knew it was M. de Mar! The gray eyes! M. le Duc has done with him as he thought proper, forsooth! Well, I have done as I thought proper. I unchained Mme. de Montpensier's monkey and, threw him into the nursery, where he's scared the baby nearly into spasms. Toto carried the cloth-of-gold coverlet up on top of the tester, where he's picking it to pieces, the darling! They won't be back—you're safe for a while, my children. I'll keep watch for you. Make good use of your time. Kiss her well, monsieur."

"Mademoiselle, you are an angel."

"No, she is the angel," Mlle. Blanche laughed back at him. "I'm but your warder. Have no fear; I'll keep good watch. Here, you in the petticoats, that were a boy the other night, go to the further door. Mme. de Nemours takes her nap in the second room beyond. You watch that door; the second room beyond. You watch that door; I'll watch the corridor. Farewell, my children! Peste! think you Blanche de Tavanne is so badly off for lovers that she need grudge you yours, Lorance?"

She danced out of the door, while I ran across to my station, Mlle. de Montluc standing bewildered, ardent, grateful, half laughing, half in tears.

"Lorance, Lorance!" M. Etienne murmured tremulously. "She said I should kiss you"——

I put my fingers in my ears and then took them out again, for if my ears were sealed how was I to hear Mme. de Nemours approaching? But I admit I should have kept my eyes glued to the crack of the door; that I ever turned them is my shame. I have no business to know that mademoiselle bowed her face upon her lover's shoulder, her hand clasping his neck, silent, motionless; pressed his cheek against her hair, holding him close; neither had any will to move or speak. It seemed they were well content to stand so the rest of their lives.

Mademoiselle was the first to stir; she raised her head and strove to break away from his locked arms.

"Monsieur! monsieur! This is madness! You must go!"

"Are you sorry I came?" he demanded vibrantly. "Are you sorry, Lorance?"

His eyes held hers; she threw pretense to the winds.

"No, monsieur; I am glad. For if we never meet again we have had this."

"Aye. If I die to-night I have had to-day."

Their voices were like the rune of the hoart in the forest, like the music of deep streams. I turned away my head ashamed and strove to think of nothing but the waking of Mme. de Nemours.

"I thought you dead," she moaned, her voice muffled against his cheek. "No one would tell me what happened last night. I could not devise any way of escape for you"——

"There is a tunnel from Ferou's house to the Rue de la Soierie. His mother—merciful angel—let me through."

"And you were not hurt?"

"Not a scratch, ma mie."

"But the wound before? Felix said"——

"I was put out of combat the night I got it," he explained earnestly, troubled even now because he had not obeyed her summons. "I was dizzy; I could not walk."

"But now, monsieur? Does it heal?"

"It is well—almost. 'Twas but a slash on the arm."

"Oh, then have I no anxiety," she murmured, with a smile that twinkled across her lips and was gone. "I cannot perceive you to be disabled, monsieur."

"My sweeting!" he laughed out. "If I cannot hold a sword yet I can hold my love."

"But you must not, monsieur," she cried, fearful that had slept a moment, springing on her again. "You must go, and this instant, while the others are yet away. I knew you, Blanche knew you; some other will. Oh, go, go, I implore you."

"If you will come with me."

She made no answer save to look at him as at a madman.

"Nay, I mean not now, past the sentry. I am not so crazy as that. But you will slip out, you will find a way, and come to me."

Silently, sadly she shook her head. His arms loosened and she freed herself from him. But instantly he was close on her again.

"But you must! You will, you must! Ah, Lorance, my father is won over. He bids me woo you. He has sworn to welcome you; when he sees you he will be your slave."

"But my cousin Mayenne is not won over."

"Devil fly away with your cousin Mayenne!" M. Etienne retorted with a vehemence that made me shudder, lest the walls have ears.

"Ah, you are free to say that, monsieur, but I am not. I am of his blood and dwell in his house and eat at his board."

(To Be Continued.)

"The Masquerader," by Katherine Thurston, author of "The Gambler," will follow "The Helmet of Navarre," on May — in The Evening World.